

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Sir Iohn.* Iesus preferue your Maiesty.

*Elnor.* My Maiesty: why man, I am but Grace.

*Sir Iohn.* I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,  
Your Graces state shall be aduanc'd ere long.

*Elnor.* What, hast thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the  
cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the rest? and  
will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir Iohn.* I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise  
a spirit from depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your Grace  
all questions you demand.

*Elnor.* Thanks good *sir Iohn*.

Some two dayes hence I gesse will fit our time,

Then see that they be heere:

For now the King is riding to Saint *Albones*,

And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,

When they be gone, then safely may they come,

And on the backe side of my Orchard heere;

There cast their Spelles in silence of the night;

And so resolute vs of the thing we wish;

Till when, drinke that for my sake, and so farewell.

*Exit Elnor.*

*Sir Iohn.* Now *sir Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.

Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be:

These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich,

The Dutchesse she thinkes now that all is well,

But I haue Gold comes from another place,

From one that hyred me to set her on,

To plot these treasons gainst the King and Peeres;

And that is the mighty Duke of Suffolke.

For he it is, but I must not say so,

That by my meanes must worke the Dutchesse fall,

Who now by Coniurations thinkes to rise.

But whist *sir Iohn*, no more of that I tro,

For feare you lose your head before you go.

*Exit*

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.*

1. *Petit.* Come sirs lets linger here abouts a while,

*Vntill*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
That we may shew his Grace our seuerall causes.

2. *Petit.* I pray God saue the Good Duke *Humfries* life,  
For but for him a many were vndone,  
That cannot get no succour in the Court.  
But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take  
him for Duke Humfrey, and giues  
him their writings.*

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

*Queene.* Now good-fellows, whom would you speak withal?

2. *Petit.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protector's  
Grace.

*Qu.* Are your suites to his Grace? Let vs see them first,  
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suffolke.* A Complaint against the Cardinals man.  
What hath he done?

2. *Petit.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,  
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suff.* Hath he stole thy wife? that's some iniury indeede.  
But what say you?

*Peter Thumpe.* Marry sir I come to tell you, that my Mayster  
saide, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire to the Crown, and  
that the King was an vsurer.

*Queene.* An vsurper thou wouldst say.

*Peter.* I forsooth, an vsurper.

*Queene.* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter.* No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'other day  
when wee were scowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our  
Garret.

*Suf.* I marry, this is something like,  
Who's within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe him close,

B 2

And